THE

LADY's

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

OCT. 1806.

PRINCESS SOPHIA.

THIS Princess (born Nov. 3, 1777) is the youngest daughter but one of their present Majesties, and equally merits our humble tribute of praise with the rest of her amiable sisters. The female branches of the Royal Family present but one subject to the pen of the biographer, alike illustrious for filial affection, piety, and virtue. These are lasting ornaments: as the transient fashions of the day give place to others equally fleeting, and of as little worth, *these* increase in value; these add grace to rank; these are blooming flowers to form a never-fading chaplet for the brow of Dignity.

It was the hasty speech of a nobleman of the last age—"talk not of the great; if you speak *ill*, you draw mischief upon you; if you speak well, you are a foe to truth." This might be safe advice, alluding to his own sex, or perhaps, proper counsel, if confined to his own acquaintance; but such a sentiment, if spoken in a general sense, could only be the effusion of spleen and disappointment. It has been our pride to invite the fairest part of the rising generation to emulate such patterns as are held out to their example from around the Throne of England; with delight do we always recur to the interesting subject, and as we have the pleasing repetition in view for the ensuing month, we shall then eagerly continue so gratifying a theme.

The Princess Mary will then demand our willing attention; the portrait of her Royal Highness is in the hands of our engraver, but is not yet so highly finished as it is our wish for every engraving to be that embellishes the Lady's Monthly Museum.

OLD WOMAN.

N° XCVII.

NOTHING can be more delightful to the heart of a parent, than the duty of his children, when they arrive at the age of maturity and reason; nor can any thing occasion more distress, more exquisite anguish, than to find those whom we have reared up to adolescence, and for whose welfare we have sacrificed our peace, our interest, and our ease, no sooner entering on the active stage of life, than proving neglectful of the protecting hand, and indifferent about wounding the heart that bleeds for their undutiful conduct, and can only know pleasure in experiencing returns of affection and reciprocations of amity. Would to God, that instances of filial disobedience were less frequent than they are! they not only violate a positive command, but they disgrace human nature. For what can more strongly evince the depravity of mankind, than to see children, instead of studying to repay some share of the debts they owe, retorting insult on the authors of their being, and taking a pride in their ingratitude. Alas! the most dutiful, the most attentive, can never return but a small part of the obligations conferred. Few parents live long enough to receive that rational homage which in general they have been anxious to deserve. Years pass away before the opening mind can appreciate favors, or entertain a due sense of obligation: thousands of good deeds are forgotten, and as many are never known. How inexcuseable is it, then, when children grow up, and are still blest with parents, not to use all diligence to compensate, to the best of their abilities, for the kindness, the support, and the protection they have received; and how inhuman must it be to load those with afflictions, who have toiled for their welfare and planned for their success, to increase the burden of ills or of years, and to bring down grey hairs with sorrow to the grave!

I was led into this train of reflection from a late visit to an unhappy family, for whom I have long entertained the most sincere and ardent regard, and whom I have frequently been domesticated with, under happier circumstances and in better times. The father was my godson, the mother

has been known to me also ever since she was born: they married about twenty years ago, and the fruits of their union, now alive, are a daughter and two sons. Their means were always extremely circumscribed, particularly with a pretty numerous family, one half of which they attended to the grave in infancy, and to this hour cherish the memory of their losses with an affectionate regret, which even the sufferings they have recently experienced from the survivors, has not taught them to mitigate. The assiduity and economy of the father made some amends for the narrowness of his circumstances; and while he deprived himself of the enjoyments, and even many of the comforts of life—while he injured his health and sunk his spirits, by application to business, he drew consolation from the thought, that in a few years his children would be able to provide for themselves, and by their duty and gratitude soothe him in distress, and alleviate the cares which a regard for them had produced. In conformity to those views and hopes, he gave them all an education far superior to his means, and was constantly planning how he might place them, as they arrived at a proper age, in situations of credit and of comfort. By degrees he thought he had accomplished this object so near his heart, as far as his sons were concerned; and as for his daughter, who happened to be the eldest, he took care she should be brought up in such habits of domestic industry as would be most likely to render her society a pleasure to himself, and a blessing to any man who might distinguish her by his preference as a companion for life.

Scarcely, however, had she reached the age of eighteen, with the prospect of an agreeable and advantageous connection, that would have been highly acceptable to her parents, and probably ensured her own happiness, before she unfortunately fell in company with a recruiting officer, who had been stationed only a few weeks in the town where she resided, and with whom, even before a common acquaintance was suspected, she eloped, and was married at Gretna-Green. To advise and to urge this imprudent step, the officer was probably induced by the fear of a rival, who was well received in the family, and the prevailing opinion, that the young lady had considerable expectations from a maiden aunt. Be this as it may, the unhappy parents were distracted

at the conduct of a daughter who had been ever treated with the greatest tenderness, and had seldom expressed a wish in which she had not been indulged. Her want of confidence, as much as the action itself, overwhelmed them with grief; but it was not long after her precipitate marriage, before she was obliged to appeal to their affection, to which she had, in a manner, forfeited all claims, and her appeal was not in vain. Her husband, equally thoughtless with herself, had so offended his relations, that they found means to have him, speedily after he became a husband, ordered on foreign service; and had not the house of her father been opened to receive his wife, she must have been destitute at once of a protector, and of necessaries. She has lately been delivered of a son, and is likely to be an incumbrance to her parents, and a wretch herself for the remainder of her days. This was the first stroke of calamity that overtook my godson in regard to his family, and he felt it in all its acuteness; because his daughter had been the particular object of his affectionate concern. Happy, however, might he have considered himself, had this been the only affliction he had to endure!

His eldest son, who had, from infancy, shewn a perverse and stubborn disposition, which no care or attention could wholly subdue, and to strengthen which, the weak partiality of his mother probably contributed, was early intended for a genteel profession, and accordingly, at a proper age, was sent to a public school. For a time, he was frugal; and if he was not studious, or possessed with talents, he at least took care to get through the task prescribed with some degree of credit, and to discharge his scholastic duties in such a manner, as to save him from frequent vapulation.

By degrees, however, his natural bias became too strong to be restrained: he grew headstrong, obstinate, and sullen; he launched into expenses, neither suited to his situation, nor to his father's circumstances. Though his allowance was liberal, and more than could have been expected; though he knew that his father was wasting life, and exhausting his spirits, to provide the means of his support, his folly, his ingratitude, and his baseness, proceeded to such a height, that he contracted debts, neglected his studies, and being on the point of being expelled for his irregularities, he ran away,

and entered on board a man of war. His affectionate father did not yet desert him: he made interest to have him appointed a midshipman, and he still might have been creditable to himself, and useful to his country, sadly as he had frustrated his father's hopes and wounded his breast, had not his temper broke out into various acts of insubordination, and his turbulence been such that one of his companions was obliged to challenge him. He had nothing of the hero in his composition, and he would gladly have shrunk from this appeal: probably the virtuous principles which his father had endeavoured to instil into his tender mind, still operated in some force, and taught him the impiety of duelling; but he had gone too far to be allowed to recede with honour: he fought, and fell mortally wounded.

His wretched parents heard of this catastrophe only a few months after the elopement of their daughter: their cup of bitterness seemed full, and they drained it to the dregs. Still, however, they must have derived some consolation from the reflection, that they had, by their general conduct, deserved a better return from their offspring. The father, in particular, had been most zealous and most assiduous for the welfare of this unhappy youth, and it was impossible that he could charge himself with being, in the smallest degree, accessary to his melancholy fate; yet, while he refrains from ever mentioning his name, I have seen the tear steal down his cheek when any collateral incidents revived his sorrow; and I know his heart too well to imagine, that it can ever more know genuine happiness, though he may affect its semblance.

The two youngest sons have just been placed out, and as they have never yet given any proofs of a bad temper, or a bad heart, my worthy friend and godson looks up to that comfort and duty from them which he has unfortunately missed in their brother and sister. May heaven prosper his views, and confirm his hopes! Base and unfeeling must they be, if they could endure the thought of planting another thorn in the heart that still rankles with wounds. Would they listen to my warning voice, all their study would be to atone for sufferings already inflicted, by their superior love and duty.

But it is not the individual I address, or for whom I have penned this afflicting detail. Alas! in every family there is misery enough, from the want of filial obedience, and from a disregard of the most sacred duties. There may be, and undoubtedly there are, some bad fathers, and some unnatural mothers; but such are few in number, and can suffer comparatively little from the misconduct of their children, to whom they pay no regard. It is the virtuous and the feeling who are the martyrs of their offsprings' undutifulness and misfortunes; it is those who least deserve it, that by the laws of nature are doomed to feel the most. For one bad parent, indeed, who has merited neglect, there are thousands of unworthy sons and daughters who repay the most essential favours with insolence or ingratitude. Wilful and unexperienced, they are too apt to consider the monitions of love as the suggestions of illiberal restraint; and they spurn too frequently at that advice which would have saved them from miscarriage, and secured them in the path of rectitude and of happiness.

THE ART OF BEING PRETTY.

WE have all heard of the Bloom of Ninon, the Circassian Wash, Spanish Wool, Rouge, with a long train of *etceteras*, sufficient to fill a perfumer's shop. I am not ignorant that considerable sums are expended, and much time employed, in striving to increase and preserve charms by artificial means, while natural means are too much neglected. What I would recommend will cost nothing; and if my prescription is not as likely to gain a lover, or to secure a husband, as any yet invented, I forfeit all claims to confidence.

"Take of perennial good humour as much as you can carry about with you, mix it with discretion, and infuse smiles, feeling, and virtue; lay in a proper stock of useful knowledge, to make your company agreeable when alone, and acquire habits of industry and economy, to render you useful in domestic relations. Apply all these in proper proportions, as they may be wanted, and you will infallibly be esteemed pretty, if not beautiful. *Probatum est.*

ON HUMILITY.

HUMILITY is the state of mind of all others most suited to our present nature: nor ought it ever to be confounded with low qualities, or want of spirit; for it is the effect of just reflection, and amiable propensities. It is a disposition of the soul which keeps the eye and ear open to truth, and the heart penetrated with sentiments best calculated to lead us to the source of all happiness and wisdom. Every quality which leads us from this virtue, tends to inflate the heart, and takes from the mind that justness of perception which we possess when we know our own level. Humility is a virtue which stands opposed to vanity: it courts retirement, searches for truth, and leads the mind to the paths of wisdom and piety. As vanity will tarnish the brightest talents, humility will give dignity to inferior natures, and avert many temptations to error. It is the result of just thinking, which strengthens the mind against the delusions of self love, by keeping before us the constant remembrance of our dependence on the Almighty, and the laws of nature, which limit our present existence, and make our happiness and very faculties so unstable, that we are not secure of any thing for one single moment.

Though humility is a virtue which ought to characterize this uncertain state of humanity, it belongs, perhaps, still more to women than to men; for as their path in life is noiseless, and seldom admits the intrusions of ambition, they may find more leisure for that reflective wisdom, which will render them grateful to the Supreme, for the blessings bestowed on them, instead of arrogating a supposed merit. This disposition, by softening the mind, will render it truly amiable; for it will make it consider surrounding objects too justly to be soured by the contingencies of life. Characters possessing this wise modesty, will be unshaken by empty praise and vague prejudices; but will gather useful truths, and store them in their hearts. And while their pride is subdued, by the increase of knowledge, they will feel the consolation of *hope*, founded in confidence in God.

E. L.

DEBATES FOR THE LADIES.

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE LADY's MUSEUM.

SIR,

I HAVE the honour to be a member of a debating society, established on a very select and respectable plan, the chief aim of which is, to correct the morals, and improve the manners of the fair sex; consequently no questions are discussed in our assembly but such as relate immediately to their concerns, nor any person admitted as an orator but such as may be approved by a committee of the elders: that no improper vehemence of argument, personal invective, indelicacy of language, or atheistical principles, yclep'd modern philosophy, may insult the ears of those amiable female auditors for whose amusement and instruction we have proposed the institution.

If you can flatter me with the opinion that a detail of our proceedings would be likely to afford the smallest degree of pleasure to your readers, I will commit each debate faithfully to paper; and also, in the name of the society, assure your fair correspondents, that any question which they may wish to propose, shall be impartially investigated, and laid before them in its regular course. For their further satisfaction, I shall proceed to name the principal speaking members of our society, most of whom are men of experience, including several well-known literary characters, viz. Mr. Meanwell, president; Mr. Placid, Mr. Cavil; Captain Rattle, a member whose observations are likely to give a lively turn to the debate; Mr. Younghusband, and

Your most obedient, humble Servant,

JACK HEARTFREE, Secretary.

The question proposed for our next meeting, to be held on the 16th inst. of Oct. 1806, is,

"What qualification in a female is most desirable with the view to being happy in the married state?"

LE MELANGE.

No III.

IT seems rather difficult at once *to appear* and *to be* truly charitable. The appearance of charity is often called ostentation: the being charitable in private, prevents the act from being known, and therefore the heart is frequently judged to be devoid of it. How to act in this perplexity we cannot, at first thought, easily decide. It is true that the act of *giving*, accompanied by corresponding feelings of the mind, is not charity; and it is also certain, that it is possible to have a character for private charity, and be, in fact, dead to its benign influence upon the heart. But is there not a means of preserving the character, and enjoying the indulgence of charity at the same time? I think there is; and the conduct I would recommend to that effect is this:—First, to examine the extent of our ability, and then make an *equal* division of our benefactions. Our public donations we might give for the sake of example, in humble hope of their proving effectual to that end; and our private ones for the delightful gratification of our reflecting moments, arising from a consciousness that by so doing we fulfil the first moral obligation of a Christian. The following anecdote of the late amiable Dr. Goldsmith is a most admirable incentive to real charity.

A poor woman, who had seen better days, understanding, from some of her acquaintance, that Dr. Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him, by letter, to send something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state by continual anguish. The good-natured poet waited on her instantly, and after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking fast into that worst of sickness, poverty. The Doctor told them that they should hear from him in an hour, when he would send some *pills*, which, he believed, would prove efficacious. He immediately went home, and put *ten guineas* into a chip box, with the following label, "These must be used as your necessities require: be

patient, and of good heart." He sent his servant with the prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found that it contained a remedy superior to any thing that Galen, or all his pupils, could have administered for her relief.

A Gentleman and his wife were reduced from a life of splendor and luxury (by the unavoidable losses of the former in trade) to a more moderate, and, as it proved, a more happy way of living. He had been for many years either extremely captious and unkind, or morose and gloomy, and it was a lively reply of his affectionate partner that caused a change in his temper and behaviour, more than a counterbalance, in her eyes, for their pecuniary misfortune. "Wife," said he, one morning, "my affairs are embarrassed, and it is absolutely necessary that I should curtail my establishment. I should like to have your opinion as to the reduction." He spoke this in a more gentle tone than usual; and the amiable woman, taking advantage of what appeared a favourable opportunity, approached him with an engaging smile, and tenderly squeezing his hand, said, "My dear husband, I shall be perfectly happy if you will get rid of the *sulky*, and let us retain the *sociable*."

The following anecdote shews how dreadful the Lords of the Inquisition are to the poor Spaniards.

An inquisitor desiring to eat some pears that grew in a poor man's garden, not far from his own dwelling, sent for the man to come and speak with him. This message put the poor man in such a fright, that he fell sick immediately, and kept his bed. Being told, however, that the pears were the cause of his being sent for, he caused his tree to be cut down, and carried to the inquisitor's house, protesting that he would not keep any thing about him which should give occasion to their lordships to send for him any more.

A lady who had not received a very liberal education, or, rather, who had not profited by the opportunities afforded her in polite society, of making amends for the want of early instruction, was frequently guilty of vulgarisms in expression, which did not always pass unnoticed. She was

invited to join a large party, and card tables being placed, she was asked if she would make one in a rubber at whist; she answered, with a curtsey, that she seldom played *visk*, that she played *vonce*, and then they *von* all she *vas vorth*, so she preferred *kadrill*. A pool at quadrille was of course immediately formed, and after a deal or two, this lady having a better hand than usual, when it came to her turn to speak, said, "I ax."—"Bless me, madam!" said a wicked young spark, whose turn came next, "I had a most delightful hand, but your *ax* has cut it to pieces."

I lately read an account of a man in Milan, who, during the first sixty years of his life, had never been beyond the walls of the city; yet when the Duke, hearing of it, sent him a peremptory command never to go out of its gates during his life, he, that before had not any inclination so to do, died of grief at being denied the liberty of doing it.

On a young man much accustomed to hyperbole exaggeration, fiction, poetic prose, or, in plain English—lying.

"On Tuesday next," says Tom to Ned,
"I'll dine with thee, and take a bed;"
"You may believe him," William cries,
"For where Tom dines he always *lies*.

Q. Why is a tallow-chandler the most criminal, as well as the most unfortunate of men?

A. Because *all his deeds are wick-ed*, and *all his wicked deeds are brought to light*.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Robert complain'd in bitter terms one day,
That Frank had ta'en his character away;
"I take your character!" said Frank, "why zounds!
"*I would not have it for ten thousand pounds!*"

The Calif Haroun Alraschid was accosted one day by a poor woman, who complained that his soldiers had pillaged

her house, and laid waste her grounds. The Calif desired her to recollect the words of Al Coran, "that when princes go forth to battle, the people, through whose fields they pass, must suffer."—"Yes," replied the woman, with firmness, "but it is also written in the same book, that the habitations of those princes who authorise injustice, shall be made desolate." This bold and just reply had a powerful effect upon the Calif, who ordered immediate reparation to be made.

A school-boy reading to his master, and pronouncing every word with a more than proper emphasis, had received repeated reproofs, but particularly concerning the word "honor," which the master told him should be pronounced "onor," and desired him in future to drop the H. The lesson had taken up a longer time than usual, so that the master (whose breakfast had been detained till it was quite cold) was not a little vexed, and taking up the muffin, gave it to the boy, saying, "Here, you little stupid blockhead! my muffin is quite cold; take it into the kitchen, and *heat* it." The boy was gone so long that the master's patience being exhausted, he sent for him, and the poor fellow returned with the last piece in his mouth. "What the deuce," exclaimed he, "you little monkey! you have not devoured my muffin, I hope! I told you to take it to the kitchen, and *heat* it."—"Yes, Sir," replied the boy, who had just swallowed his mouthful, "but you told me always to drop the H."

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR,

BY inserting the following account of the natives of Botany Bay, you will oblige

Yours, &c. CRITO.

[From Capt. Hunter's account of Botany Bay.]

THE men in general are from five feet six inches to five feet nine inches high; are thin, but very straight and clean

made; walk very erect, and are active. The women are not so tall or so thin, but are generally well made; their colour is a rusty kind of black, something like that of soot; but I have seen many of the women almost as light as a mulatto. We have seen a few of both sexes with tolerably good features; but, in general, they have broad noses, large wide mouths, and thick lips, and their countenance altogether is not very prepossessing; and what makes them still more so is, that they are abominably filthy: they never clean their skin, but it is generally smeared with the fat of such animals as they kill, and afterwards covered with every sort of dirt. Sand from the sea beach, and the ashes from their fires, all adhere to their greasy skin, which is never washed, except when accident, or the want of food, obliges them to go into the water. Some of the men wear a piece of wood or bone thrust through the septum of the nose, which, by raising the opposite sides of it, widens the nostril, and spreads the lower part very much: this, no doubt, they consider as a beauty. Most of those we had hitherto met wanted the two foremost teeth on the right side of the upper jaw; and many of the women want the two lower joints of the little finger of the left hand, which we have not as yet been able to discover the reason or meaning of. This defect of the little finger we have observed in old women, and in young girls of eight or nine years old; in young women who have had children, and in those who have not, and the finger has been seen perfect in individuals of all the above ages and descriptions. They have very good teeth in general. Their hair is short, strong, and curly; and as they seem to have no method of cleaning or combing it, it is therefore filthy and matted. The men wear their beards, which are short and curly, like the hair of the head. Men, women, and children go entirely naked, as described by Captain Cook. They seem to have no fixed place of residence, but take their rest wherever night overtakes them: they generally shelter themselves in such cavities or hollows in the rocks upon the sea shore as may be capable of defending them from the rain; and, in order to make their apartment as comfortable as possible, they commonly make a good fire in it before they lie down to rest, by which means the rock all around them is so heated as to retain its warmth like an

oven for a considerable time; and upon a little grass, which is previously pulled and dryed, they lie down and huddle together.

And here we see a striking instance of the particular care of Providence for all its creatures. These people have not the most distant idea of building any kind of place which may be capable of sheltering them from the severity of bad weather; if they had, probably it would first appear in their endeavours to cover their naked bodies with some kind of cloathing, as they certainly suffer much from the cold in winter. Their ignorance in building is very amply compensated by the kindness of Nature in the remarkable softness of the rocks which encompass the sea coast, as well as those in the interior parts of the country: they are a soft, crumbly, sandy stone. Those parts which are most exposed to, and receive the most severity of the weather, are generally harder than such parts as are less exposed. In the soft parts, time makes wonderful changes; they are constantly crumbling away underneath the harder and more solid part, and this continued decay leaves caves of considerable dimensions. Some I have seen that would lodge forty or fifty people; and, in a case of necessity, we should think ourselves not badly lodged for a night. Wherever you see rocks in this country, either on the sea shore or in the interior parts, as they are all of this soft sandy kind, you are sure of finding plenty of such caves. In the woods, where the country is not very rocky, we sometimes meet with a piece of the bark of a tree, bent in the middle, and set upon the ends, with a piece set up against that end on which the wind blows. This hut serves them for a habitation, and will contain a whole family; for when the weather is cold, which is frequently the case in winter, they find it necessary to lie very close, for the benefit of that warmth to which each mutually contributes a share. These bark huts (if they deserve even the name of huts) are intended, as we have lately discovered, for those who are employed in hunting the kangaroo, opossums, or, in short, any other animals which are to be found in the woods; for at certain seasons, when those animals are in plenty, they employ themselves frequently in catching them. As most of the large trees are hollow, by being rotten in the heart, the opossum, kangaroo rat,

squirrel, and various other animals which inhabit the woods, when they are pursued, commonly run into the hollow of a tree. In order, therefore, to make sure of them, which they seldom fail in, when they find them in the tree, one man climbs even the tallest tree with much ease, by means of notches at convenient distances, that are made with a stone hatchet. When he is arrived at the top, or where there may be an outlet for the animal, he sits there with a club or stick in his hand, while another person below applies a fire to the lower opening, and fills the hollow of the tree with smoke. This obliges the animal to attempt to make its escape, either upwards or downwards; but which ever way it goes, it is almost certain of death, for they very seldom escape. In this manner they employ themselves, and get a livelihood in the woods. They also, when in considerable numbers, set the country on fire for several miles extent. This, we have generally understood, is for the purpose of disturbing such animals as may be within reach of the conflagration, and thereby they have an opportunity of killing many. We have also had much reason to believe, that those fires were intended to clear that part of the country through which they have frequent occasion to travel, of the brush or underwood, from which they, being naked, suffer very great inconvenience. The fires, which we very frequently saw, particularly in the summer time, account also for an appearance, which, when we arrived here, we were much perplexed to understand the cause of; this was, that two-thirds of the trees in the woods were very much scorched with fire, and some were burnt quite black up to the very top. As to the cause of this appearance we differed much in our opinions; but it is now plain that it has ever been occasioned by the fires which the natives so frequently make, and which we have seen reach the highest branches of the trees. We sometimes, upon our arrival here, conjectured that it proceeded from lightning; but, upon looking farther, it appeared too general amongst the woods to have been occasioned by such an accident.

We had reason to believe that the natives associate in tribes of many families together, and it appeared now that they have one fixed residence, and the tribe takes its name from the place of their general abode. You may often

visit the place where the tribe resides without finding the whole society there. Their time is so much occupied in search of food, that the different families take different routs; but, in case of any dispute with a neighbouring tribe, they can soon be assembled.

(To be continued.)

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE LADY's MUSEUM.

SIR,

HAVING recently met with several provoking embarrassments, I have adopted the resolution of writing a novel, to recruit my exhausted purse. To this end, I have perused every modern novel that I could obtain after the rate of three-pence per volume, from Leadenhall-Street or elsewhere, and, with their assistance, have at length, I trust, attained to a tolerable degree of proficiency in novel-writing. Two pages, selected at random, I send you as a specimen, and have only to add, that my production consists of three moderate-sized 12mo. volumes, each 187 pages, which, I think, will sell well for 15s. and for which I only ask a premium of one hundred and seventy-five guineas.

Yours, most truly,

Charlotta Isabinda Maria Sniggs.

"But who?"
"Guess."
"I cannot."
"Try."
"Julia."
"No."
"Clara."
"No."
"A man perhaps."
"Yes."
"Herbert."
"No."
"I give it up."
"Try again."
"Theodore."
"Yes."
"Indeed!"
Caroline smiled,
"Ah, Caroline!"
"What?"
"I have discovered,"
Caroline stared.
"Is it then true?
"What?"
"I am right."
"How?"
"In my conjecture,"
Caroline sighed.
A pause ensued.

N. B. I would wish the work printed on good paper, and the *margins* will of course look the better.

MAC— BLUNDER.

Concluded from page 135.

EVER without deliberation, poor unhappy man! he now yielded to the impulse of disappointment, and threw himself down in the boat, in all the anguish of despair, lamenting his cruel fortune, and cursing his thoughtless head for not having secured a boat when first he reached the shore. But as it was not among his qualities to profit by experience, he precipitated himself, in the very next step of his proceedings, into further error and confusion. To deliberate, was no part of his system. Ever adventurous and devoid of method, he rushed headlong into a gulf yet deeper and deeper, although a single moment of steady contemplation might have extricated him from all his troubles.

When the pursuit was found to be fruitless, and he despaired of coming up with the Lord Sheffield, instead of desiring to be put on board any other vessel of the fleet which they might be able to fetch, and from which he might have removed to our ship any fine day upon the voyage, he ordered the boatmen to carry him back to Portsmouth, and there, likewise, instead of applying to the agent to give him a passage in any vessel that might be delayed behind the fleet, he returned the cow to her home, and wildly took a boat to the Isle of Wight, fancying that from some part of the opposite coast of the island, he might be able to reach the Lord Sheffield. This he had heard mentioned as barely possible, and despising all doubts and difficulties, instantly embraced it as certain.

He paid off the lugger, and hired a different boat to carry him to the island. This again consumed time, and every moment of delay lessened the slight probability he had of success. On reaching the Isle of Wight, he had to journey many miles across the island, to attain the port from whence he purposed to embark. He accordingly hired a horse, and rushing on, as usual, without thought, forgot to take any person to bring it back again.

But little time was consumed in galloping across the island; and on reaching the seaport, he discovered some ships of the fleet not far distant from the shore. In his mind, slight probabilities amounted to a confirmation of success; and hence the bare appearance of ships was instantly construed into a certainty of getting on board the Lord Sheffield.

Leaving the horse he knew not how, nor with whom, he went into a boat, and again put to sea, desiring the men to take him to the Lord Sheffield, which was about to pass that way. Again, instead of adopting the more prudent and certain method of getting on board the first ship of the fleet they could reach, and going from her to the Lord Sheffield on the passage, he employed the boatmen for hours in the fruitless pursuit of looking for our ship, forgetting, what was actually the case, that we might have passed the slow-sailing vessels of the convoy, and have advanced beyond that part of the island.

The day declined, the sun was sinking into the ocean, and night coming on, when our tormented Mac— again found himself the victim of disappointed hopes and ardent expectations. Still it never occurred to him that he might have made one of the dull-sailing vessels, and have saved his passage. In bitter chagrin and sadness of spirit, he returned to the shore; but not to deliberate upon the next best plan of proceeding, for even yet he was deaf to experience. Like a Frenchman, he was not long the subject of despondency, but, in defiance of all fatigue, and without discussing any of the probabilities, he again rushed into new and ill-planned adventures. If one project failed, he believed that he had only to fly to another.

After some trouble, he found the horse he had so thoughtlessly left behind. And although it was late, and grown almost dark, he galloped across the island, and again took off a boat to Portsmouth, from whence he absurdly set off the next morning for Plymouth, in the wild certainty of being able to get on board the Lord Sheffield from thence. Upon his arrival, some ships were seen at a great distance from the shore, and it was not easy to ascertain whether they belonged to our convoy; but Mac— was not apt to doubt, and with Discretion he held no sort of acquaintance.

Certainties alone were his associates. He saw every thing plain before him, and believed that he need only put out his hand to possess it. It must be the fleet. These ships were certainly the convoy, and the Lord Sheffield as certainly one of them. Another boat was accordingly hired, and he insisted upon going out to sea, in order to be put on board. It is unaccountable that even yet it should not have occurred to him to go on board any ship of the convoy which they might be able to make. But no; he was sure of the Lord Sheffield, his baggage was on board the Lord Sheffield, and the Lord Sheffield was——the only ship upon the ocean! were it possible to reach any part of the fleet, it must be equally so to gain the Lord Sheffield. But, to his further disappointment, we had again outsailed his speed, and had passed beyond the port from whence he sailed to meet us. The vessels seen were a few of the very dullest sailers of the convoy, and even these were probably too far out at sea to be overtaken in a boat. Yet the boatmen, either from believing it possible to come up with them, or from availing themselves of Mac—'s eager impetuosity to their own profit, rather countenanced than discouraged his hopes. It required but little to assure him of what he so ardently wished; and in full certitude, under severe fatigue, and without food, did he continue sailing about throughout the greater part of the day, supporting both hunger and exertion by the animating hope of success.

Unluckily the boatmen who had flattered his prospects, were afterwards seized with doubts: the ships were too far out at sea; the tide was against them; the wind was shifting; it was growing calm; they should not be able to get back by night, and other difficulties and objections occurred to oppose their proceeding further. Indeed the prospect of reaching the fleet evidently grew less and less, until at length Mac— himself acknowledged it to be impossible.

His dilemma was now at the highest: what to do, or how to proceed, he knew not. The Lord Sheffield was gone, his baggage was on board, and he——left behind! All his efforts had proved unsuccessful, all his hopes fallacious. He returned on shore, accusing his unlucky stars, and blaming fortune for all his disappointments. To most men, such a situation would have been very distressing. He was thrown

into a distant part of the country, far from his home and his friends. He had lost his clothes, was absent from his duty, out of the way of every opportunity of following the convoy, and, worst of all, had spent every farthing of his money. But he was not easily dismayed. It now occurred to him that a fleet, bound to St. Domingo, was on the eve of sailing from Cork; and proceeding in all the precipitation of his former movements, he instantly adopted the resolution of journeying to Ireland, to join the Cove convoy. How to get money would have been a difficulty to most men; but diffidence was not Mac—'s greatest failing; he therefore did not lose time by delaying at Plymouth, waiting remittances to enable him to proceed further, but he went boldly to a gentleman of the town, related the tale of his woes, excited his compassion, and obtaining his confidence, procured from him the means of defraying his expenses to Ireland. His purse being thus replenished, his cares were quickly dissipated, and he took his departure for Cork, under hopes no less extravagant than those which had led him to the Isle of Wight and to Plymouth; for the Cork fleet was already reported to have sailed, and the probability was, that, under all circumstances, it would be gone before he could possibly reach Cove harbour. He travelled with little delay to Milford Haven, whence he embarked in the packet for Waterford, and thence pursued his journey to Cork, and to Cove. Fortunately the convoy had not sailed, and he found the whole fleet still lying in harbour, also many vessels of the Portsmouth convoy, which had been obliged to put back, after the early storms to which they had been exposed.

All former troubles and disappointments, and even the poor ill-tokened cow, were now soon forgotten. The greater part of the St. Domingo hospital-staff was with the Cork convoy; and Mac— was not of a disposition to be long a stranger among his comrades. Looking out for a ship in which to procure a passage, he discovered the George and Bridget, and knowing Dr. Henderson and others of the hospital-staff to be on board, he, without hesitation, applied to the captain for a birth, repeating his adventures, with and without the cow, as his passport. The captain had already his full complement of passengers on board, indeed was crowded with more than he could conveniently accom-

modate. But Mac— was not inclined to hear objections, or to make difficulties. In the George and Bridget he must go. The ship was sufficiently large, and he was disposed to accept whatever accommodations he might find.

From his frankness of manner, and the willingness he expressed to put up with all the inconveniences that might present themselves, as well as from his companionable familiarity, the master of the ship became interested in his behalf, and adopted him as his prime associate. Soon he was the companion and friend, and none were so happy as *Doctor* and *Captain*; for in a few hours they were the acquaintances of years; and Mac— was so entirely *chez lui*, that he seemed rather to be the master's intimate friend than a passenger. He now was happy, forgot all his past cares and toils, looked forward to a quick passage, and the delight of a clean shirt on his arrival. Yet were his troubles not at an end, for on the accident occurring of another ship running foul of the George and Bridget, the timid nature of poor Mac— represented to his imagination a thousand terrors, and, in the hurried impulse of vivid apprehension, cruelly augmented the alarm: in all the dread of sinking to the bottom, he accused his luckless stars, called the fates relentless, uttered loud ejaculations for his safety, and called that moment only unhappy which had led him to the George and Bridget. But the ship afterwards made a short and favorable passage, and is arrived in safety at Barbadoes, where poor Mac— yet lives to relate all his perils by sea, and his troubles on shore*.

ANECDOTE.

SIR Thomas Gresham, who built the Royal Exchange, was the son of a very poor woman, who left him in a field, when an infant; but the chirping of a grasshopper leading a boy to the place where he lay, his life was preserved: from this circumstance, the future merchant took the grasshopper for his crest, and hence the cause of placing the figure of that insect over the Royal Exchange.

* The George and Bridget afterwards sunk in the harbour of Cape St. Nicholas Mole; and poor unfortunate Mac—, soon after his arrival at St. Domingo, fell a victim to the yellow fever.

VILLAGE TATTLE.

N° III.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

POPE.

STROLLING round the village yesterday with Mrs. Stanley, I observed a house which had been for a long time uninhabited newly repaired and fitted up in a style of neat simplicity, and decorated with some degree of elegance. The natural curiosity of my sex prompted me to inquire who was the new purchaser, and I was informed, by an intelligent carpenter, that a newly-married couple were expected that very day to take possession. "The gentleman's name is Welling," added the man; "he is a tradesman in London, and I understand he was a bankrupt about five years ago." I smiled sarcastically, and walked away, but had not proceeded many paces, when the rattling of a chaise caused me to turn my head, and I beheld my new neighbours alight at the gate of their little villa. The appearance of Welling insensibly interested me: he was tall, well-formed, and handsome; apparently about forty years of age, and his countenance bore traces of sadness, which appeared to have impaired his constitution. His wife seemed to have passed the meridian of beauty, but her features were pleasing, and her animated eyes, and sprightly cheerfulness, rendered it impossible to guess her age with any degree of precision: she gazed on the pallid complexion of her husband with fond anxiety, pressed tenderly the hand which rested on her arm, and while a smile of satisfaction, at sight of their beautiful residence, dimpled her mouth, a tear of hasty apprehension glistened in her eye, least the object of her fond solicitude should prove incapable of enjoying what so much delighted her. In a moment I lost all that illiberality of thought which I had at first given way to. "Poor soul!" thought I, "how hardly did I judge thee! In a moment of splenetic petulance I guessed thee to be one of those wretches who fatten on the spoils of their creditors, whose fraudulent spe-

culations involve the unwary, and involve in calamitous ruin the credulous friend who would have saved them from destruction." "I was at a loss to guess your thoughts, aunt," said Maria; "but is it possible that such villany can be practised?" "It is too possible, my dear, but I hope it is not the case with these people." Maria turned her head, and hastily exclaimed— "You are right; for at this moment Mr. Grumble and his lady are entering the villa. Possessing principles such as adorn that worthy couple, we may at least, I trust, give our new neighbours credit for respectability." In the evening, I was favoured with a visit from Mrs. Grumble: I perceived she had been in tears, and with friendly familiarity inquired the cause. "I have been passing the morning with a very particular friend," said she, "and have been listening to a narrative of domestic sorrow, which interested me warmly." "If it is not a confidential trust," said I, "you would indulge me much by relating it, as I think I have some idea of the persons concerned." "I have no objection," replied Mrs. Grumble; "it will be no breach of trust, but rather an act of justice to an amiable woman, and the best of men."

TRIALS OF THE HEART.

Louisa Herbert was the only child of one of those tradesmen in London whose circumstances are easy without being affluent. Some care had been taken that her education should not be neglected, and a promising capacity, and lively genius, improved every advantage. Not possessing a very beautiful person, she knew better how to appreciate the value of mental acquirements, and devoted that time to the attainment of useful knowledge which too many devote to personal embellishment. It is unnecessary for me to expatiate more fully on her good qualities than to say, that she was virtuous, discreet, and industrious; loved by her father, esteemed by her friends, and admired by those who had opportunities of observing her in her domestic occupations. Yet Louisa was destitute of lovers, as neither her person nor her fortune was a bait to those whose vanity or mercenary ideas renders them the prey of such tempting lures.

Louisa had attained her twentieth year when she first formed an acquaintance with Welling. The romantic fervour of imagination which usually leads youth into the miseries of love, was in them rather abated; yet an attachment, of the most tender nature, took place between them, founded on the most perfect esteem, regulated by reason, and rendered more animated by the consciousness of its being reciprocally felt. Mr. Welling was at that time engaged in speculative traffic, with apparent prospect of success; and as the father of Louisa did not object to the intimacy, he waited only the issue of some recent ventures to make his final arrangements. In this manner, month after month passed away: while they were happy in each others society, and at ease respecting their future destiny, the present only engaged their attention. Trivial losses passed unheeded by Welling: his views, and his hopes, were all directed to one grand point—one great undertaking; that undertaking failed, and he found himself involved in embarrassments, from which he vainly struggled to extricate himself. Fearful of distressing the woman he almost idolised, he cautiously concealed this shock from her knowledge; yet the tortures of his mind betrayed themselves in every lineament of his expressive countenance, and the tender feelings of Louisa took the alarm. Mr. Herbert too, with parental anxiety, perceived this alteration: little suspecting the real cause, he forbore all attempts to urge Welling respecting the hastening of his marriage with Louisa, knowing that as he had no fortune to give with her, it would have a selfish appearance: he therefore confined himself to slight hints on the subject, which hints were on all occasions cautiously baffled by Welling, till the ambiguity of his manner created suspicions in the mind of Herbert, greatly to the disadvantage of Louisa's lover. Calling him one day into his counting-house, he thus addressed him: "Mr. Welling, I have lately observed a change in your manner, which gives me uneasiness: you have gained my daughter's affections, Sir, and I hope you do not now wish to retract." Welling, looking earnestly in his face, said, "Do you mean to assert, Sir, that I am engaged to your daughter? answer me that question first, and I shall be better prepared to reply to your interrogatories." Mr. Herbert hesitated.—"I cannot say that I consider any

positive engagement to subsist on either side, that is, particularly on my daughter's, but from your attentions to the girl, she may be led into an error, injurious to her peace of mind." "Not by me, Sir," cried Welling, eagerly; "for my life, I would not deceive Miss Herbert. Louisa has long been, and ever will be, the object of my tenderest regard; but I cannot marry." "Not marry!" repeated the indignant Herbert; "then, Sir, what pretensions have you to my daughter?" "My pretensions, Sir, once were honourable, but that is now of little importance, as I fear she can never be mine. I am on the eve of bankruptcy." Astonishment, for a time, suspended the utterance of Herbert, while anger and regret, by turns, were depictured in his changing countenance. "You have deceived us all, Sir," he at length articulated; "is this the return for my confidence? my daughter's affection?" "I have not deceived you, Sir, but I have been deceived myself: when I first was fortunate enough to excite an interest in the heart of Miss Herbert, I was in every respect a prosperous man; the tide of fortune has turned, and I am, by unavoidable losses, now a ruined man. Thus, Sir, you find that necessity, not inclination, is the cause of my relinquishing the happiness I once fondly hoped to possess." "Then, Sir," returned Herbert, "I suppose I need not point out to you the propriety of declining any further intercourse with my daughter." "The dread of this proposal has hitherto compelled me to conceal my misfortunes from you," replied Welling, with a sigh; "but, Sir, forgive me, if I say, that I cannot accede to it; never will I voluntarily relinquish the society of Miss Herbert." "But it must be so; my daughter's welfare demands this of you, Sir." "Of that she is the best judge; to her I will appeal." "You will take care to prejudice her in your favour." "You are unjust in your conclusions, Sir: you shall find that you are so." "I will trust to your honour, Mr. Welling." Thus far satisfied with each other, they parted. Welling soon after became a bankrupt; and when the publicity of the affair rendered it impossible to be longer silent on the subject, Welling repeated to the afflicted Louisa his conversation with her father.

[*To be continued.*]

THE FEMALE MENTOR.

THERE are a set of beings in the world, whom Mr. Addison distinguishes by the appellation of *Meddlers*, that are continually offering a kind of *gratis advice*, and regularly make a point of interfering in their neighbour's family concerns. These busy people are, in fact, an absolute pest in society: though the high opinion they entertain of their own abilities, makes them fancy themselves of no small importance in the world, yet the advice they give is so far from inspiring gratitude or affection, that they seldom are even treated with outward marks of respect.

I was visiting, a few days back, at a house which was haunted by one of these family meddlers, who took upon herself to censure the mistress of it for the lenity of her conduct to the maids, in which she was joined by the husband, who happened to have a little of the tyrant in his disposition, and the dissertation soon amounted to a complete conjugal dispute. As few circumstances are so painful to witness as domestic jars, I took an opportunity of shortening my visit, but accidentally met the gentleman in the afternoon, who, convinced that he had suffered his temper to conquer his politeness, began loading the lady whose remarks had given rise to the quarrel with the most pointed abuse; and I had not proceded twenty yards, when I overtook the lady, who perfectly agreed in opinion with her spouse.

Though I had always thought it a dangerous practice to interfere with the disputes of a married pair, I was then most completely convinced of the folly; as each party attributed the altercation to Miss Dorothy L——. * My correspondent at Bingham Lodge is, I fear, placing me in a situation somewhat similar to that of the lady who volunteered her advice, for should my observations give rise to any new dissention, I am well aware that I shall be blamed. Yet called upon as I have been to offer my sentiments upon the duties which are attached to the marriage station, I cannot refuse a compliance with the ill-fated Frederick's request.

To attempt reclaiming a *fashionable wife*, is, I fear, as ar-

* See the Museum for July, page 20.

duous an undertaking as to attempt making a *domestic* husband of a *rake;* for I have been too attentive an observer of human nature, to believe it probable that such extraordinary transitions occur in real life. From the most remote ages of antiquity, in short, from the period of the creation, we find that a certain degree of subordinacy was attached to the marriage state, and there is no doubt but domestic happiness is insured by this regulation; for no dispute can be carried to an extremity where one party voluntarily yields. To minds of sensibility, I am inclined to believe that wedlock must either be a state of purgatory or delight: therefore those who enter into that sacred engagement, ought carefully to study the disposition of the person with whom they intend to pass their lives.

To *bear,* and *forbear,* is doubtless necessary between two persons who have entered into an engagement which death alone ought to dissolve: yet we frequently find that the most serious domestic quarrels proceed from some *trifling cause,* and if either party would have yielded, anger and resentment would imperceptibly have died away. There are few things which make a female appear to so much disadvantage as that of openly displaying a contempt for the object of her choice, as it evidently proves she must merely have married him for the purpose of deriving some benefit to herself. That this was the motive which influenced the Scotch Baronet's daughter, does not admit of a doubt, and the pointed attention which she paid her lover, instead of flattering his vanity, ought to have opened his eyes.

Women should be wooed, and not *easily won,* observes the adage; and whoever takes the trouble of making the remark, will find that those females who require the most attention from their admirers, generally make the most *attentive wives.* My unfortunate correspondent, however, from the false affection of his mother, was a mere child in experience when he entered the marriage state, and, in all probability, at an early period yielded too easily to the lady's caprice. The independence of her conduct, the opposition of her temper, and her total contempt of the being whom she sacredly vowed to obey, are such striking marks of a depraved disposition, that little hope can arise of her ever being reclaimed. Pitiable is the state of a man united to such

a character: but as a *father*, it will become him to assert his *rights;* and recollect, that the minds of his children are in danger of being corrupted by such a dreadful example being placed before their eyes. We are all in a greater or less degree, creatures of habit; but it influences our actions with greater force at an early period of life: such a mother, therefore, as my correspondent describes, must be a very unfit person to be intrusted with the formation of a youthful mind.

"What God has joined, let no man put asunder," says the Scriptures; but to live with a woman who embitters every moment of life, appears to me in the light of folly, or adhering too strictly to the letter of the law. Our dispositions, doubtless, are as dissimilar as our persons; and it is evident that the proprietor of Bingham Lodge enjoys one of the most peaceable kind, or the lady on whom he has bestowed both his land and fortune would never have so totally forgotten the duties of a wife.

Advice to such a character will, I fear, make as little impression as lines traced upon the sand of the sea-shore, or I would intreat the wife of my correspondent to return immediately to her comfortable habitation at Bingham Lodge, and atone for the inquietude she has occasioned its master, by treating him with kindness, attention, and respect. His counsel, I hope, will not draw upon me the appellation of a *meddler*, for I have not *unsolicited* offered my advice, and I should derive a secret and heartfelt gratification, if I could increase the happiness of the marriage state.

To those who have an intention of entering into that sacred engagement, I will now beg leave to offer a few remarks; for upon the conduct they adopt at an early period of marriage, will, in great measure, depend the happiness, or misery of their lives. It has been asserted that the *lover* and the *husband* seldom appear the same character; and in this remark there doubtless is some truth; for when a man has gained his point, and secured his object, he loses that stimulus which excited him to endeavour to please, but though in his manners he may no longer be uniformly assiduous, yet affection may glow with equal warmth at his heart; and many a husband becomes inattentive from the wife expecting *too much*.

It is in *trifles* that a female ought to study the wishes of her husband; for it would be difficult to find language sufficiently strong to impress their importance to the happiness of the marriage state. "Such a *trifle* as *that*," observes the gentleman, "I think I might have been pleased in; if it had been a matter of any *consequence*, I should not have requested you to yield." Thus this trifle in itself lays the foundation for a serious quarrel; each party fancies itself aggrieved; resentment rises in proportion to the slightness of the cause of the altercation, and the impression made upon the mind probably lasts for a week.

Some author (I think Dr. Gregory) advises young married women carefully to avoid a first dispute; for it is not in the connubial state as it is with lovers, and quarrels, instead of *strengthening*, certainly *diminish love*. There are some men whose natural tempers are so unamiable, that they would exert a tyrannical authority over a *too passive wife;* yet with a woman who possesses a proper degree of spirit, they become tractable and tame. Yet a shrew is of all creatures the most disgusting: the most beautiful features become distorted under passion's impulsive power; and I once knew a gentleman who was on the very point of marriage, who broke off the engagement from accidentally hearing the object of his affection scolding one of her maids. Still let it not be supposed I think women should be mere ciphers in their family, or become *patient Grizzles* because they ought *not* to be *shrews*, for if a wife does not acquire the happy art of making herself *respected*, she will be treated with indifference, if not with contempt.

ANECDOTE.

OLIVER CROMWELL had a disposition prone to playfulness and mischief: his bold and daring temper probably led him into great danger, for, when he was a youth, he was near drowning, but was saved by a Mr. Johnson, a clergyman; who, many years after, was recognised by Oliver, when he was marching at the head of his soldiers, through Huntingdon, and asked by him "whether he did not remember saving his life?" "Yes," said the aged and loyal curate of Connington, "I do; but I wish I had suffered you to drown, rather than see you in arms against your king."

THE MONTHLY ESSAYISTS.

N° III.

TO TOBIAS QUIZZEM, Esq.

SIR,

AS I imagine the following relation is not inimical to the plan of your paper, I should esteem it a favour if you would submit it to the Society for their opinion, and you will much oblige,

Sir,
Your constant reader,
And very, very humble servant,
TIMOTHY TRADE.

Fish Street Hill, Aug. 22, 1806.

THE JOURNAL OF A DAY'S PLEASURE.

THREE weeks ago promised to treat my aunt and myself with a rural excursion to Hanhault Forest, but though a treat, Dame Economy was not to be forgotten, and it was last week fulfilled. An inside place was taken for aunt, while uncle and poor I were to have enjoyed the benefit of the air on the roof. The day arrived;—— it was a fine one certainly;—— all things we thought ready; I was on the tip-toe of expectation; so much had been promised, that I hoped, for the first time, to partake of a day's real pleasure: this impression tended considerably to alleviate the burthen of a bandbox I had to carry, crammed with a cold collation. Just as we had reached the house, from whence the stage was to go, (but by the bye half an hour too soon; according to my uncle's maxim, "better too soon than too late,") my ill-fated aunt found out she had neglected the silk handkerchief to tie round the neck of her dear spouse, (as she calls him,) to prevent his catching cold; we immediately held a *consultation* what was to be done?—Uncle was for going without it; but that could not be allowed;— I was for buying one in the neighbourhood:— here was a pretty piece of

business; both fell upon me at once: "hey, indeed," cried my aunt, "was ever any thing to equal such extravagance—such prodigality will certainly be your ruin." "Ah!" rejoined my uncle, "if every body was as ready to pay as he is to buy, one might afford a little now and then." Here they both agreed, and illustrated their comments upon my abominable conduct with various remarks, that went in at one ear and out at the other; during all which they were losing that time my uncle was so strenuous to preserve. The unlucky handkerchief was still to be gotten: so after an harangue, as usual, of why did not you think, and why did not you think? it was resolved that we should go back: in fine, when the handkerchief was procured, and every obstacle surmounted, alas! the coach was gone; we missed it by five minutes. This was a terrible disaster; but we were not to be disappointed, although, with a woful countenance, my aunt observed, "dear me, how very unfortunate! for my part, I think we are always out of luck's way: well, never mind, we must make the best of a bad bargain, and trudge; I dare say we shall meet with a cast on the road."

My uncle at first bustled along, and my aunt (who is rather corpulent,) waddled by his side like a ——; no that won't do; I dare not find a simile, but you can, Mr. Quizzem, if you think proper; however we had scarcely got off the stones, before my aunt beguiled the way with bitter invectives against her corns; but from fondness of variety, or from some other cause, known only to herself, she turned the tables upon my uncle for walking so fast, though we did not then move at the rate of more than two miles an hour. This charming amusement, so highly entertaining to me, who am as fond of scolding as a cat is of water, was kept up, till, half roasted in the sun, we arrived nearly at Bow, when, thanks to our kinder stars! a post-chaise took up my aunt, there being only room for one, while uncle and myself were to fadge it as we could: but fortune still continued to favour us; the chaise had scarcely driven off, when a carriage for conveying calves from Essex to market, appeared; my uncle holloed to the driver, who stopped, and we immediately got up. Good heavens! what a luxury to be delivered from the annoyance of my aunt's tongue, and so soon

after of the box of prog, which had proved a very unpleasant, though necessary companion.

Indeed I fancied myself in the good graces of some kind fairy, who, pitying my distress, had transported me, from the miseries of a storm, to the full enjoyment of Arcadian happiness and peace, until a violent jolt roused me from my reverie, and convinced me to the contrary in so sensible a manner, that I felt the pain for half an hour after. When we had nearly reached Ilford, another accident befel us, far more disastrous than any of the rest; the axletree of the chaise, in which my aunt was, broke asunder, and down came carriage, and aunt, and all. She was not hurt, but so completely flustered, that I was obliged to use all the persuasive rhetoric I was master of, to induce her to proceed. "Dear heart a me, Timothy!" said she, "I think it never rains but it pours; if we had not lost the stage, I should not have met with this fright." What became of the two ladies who were in the chaise with my aunt, I cannot tell; but I believe they escaped, like my aunt, more frightened than hurt. By long and by last, however, we attained the object of our journey, Hanhault Forest. The prospects were truly beautiful; and the ride to it would have been delightfully pleasant, had it not been attended with so many dire mischances. As we were perambulating about in search of a place at once convenient to rest ourselves, and commanding the most extensive prospect, we accidentally met a large party with whom we were acquainted: after the usual common-place civilities had passed, we sat down to investigate the valuable contents of our bandbox, and I must allow we formed a very pretty groupe, squatting upon the grass, like a parcel of gypsies or Turks. What rendered the excursion still more rusticated, was, sending me about with a jug (which the party had brought with them,) dangling in my hand, half a mile, in search of water to *lower* their spirits with, which, however paradoxical it may appear, had a very different effect upon the gentlemen; for it elevated theirs, more, probably, than the ladies might have wished.

After our repast was finished, the ladies removed to some distance, by way of drawing-room; as to me, I sauntered about by myself, listening, but in vain, for the happy shep-

herd's pipe, or milk-maid's blithsome song: to be sure the birds sung; and but for the loud ha! has! of the men, and the little tittle tattle of the women, which continually disturbed my ears, (for I was not allowed to go out of hearing, lest I should be lost in the recesses of the wood,) I might have enjoyed considerable amusement from the excursion: to do justice to the ladies, however, they are famed for their oratorical powers in investigating the merits and demerits of their neighbours, or in canvassing the proprieties of a dress; yet when the men get together they make so much noise, that I am not surprised that when the tribes of Israel shouted, they shook down the walls of Jericho.

But I was not long suffered to indulge my meditations: the ladies insisted upon my joining their party, declaring, they could not bear to see me moping by myself. This kind solicitude of theirs for me, completely destroyed the little happiness I had hoped to derive from contemplating, undisturbed, the various beauties of the surrounding prospects; and surely if any poor creature was ever punished with a day's pleasure, I was. When I reached them, they were all deeply bewailing the absence of their favourite companion, a tea-kettle: for my part, I heartily rejoiced; for had it occurred to my thoughtful aunt, I should no doubt have been honoured with the care of it: as it was, we were an excellent groupe to exercise the skill of a caricaturist; but if in addition to the bandbox on one arm, I had carried the tea-kettle and its equipage on the other, it would have been rendered a truly-finished picture.

At length the approach of evening obliged the company to think of their departure: preparations were accordingly made. "Come, my dear," said my aunt, turning to my uncle, "let me tie this handkerchief round your neck, for I always think a preventative better than a cure; and I am sure one had better pay the linen-draper than the doctor." "Ah!" cried my uncle, "and you pay the linen-draper enough, of all conscience." "Indeed, my dear," rejoined my aunt, "I am sure you need not talk of me, when you know what a deal Mrs. Crocus, the apothecary's wife, lays out with him. But where are you, my love, Timothy?" addressing herself to me: "I must wrap this shawl about you." In vain I pro-

tested against it, declaring myself already so warm, that I scarcely knew how to bear it. "Oh!" replied my aunt, "I can't think of letting you go so; Lord knows every body has observed how ill you look as it is, and it would be a fine thing, indeed, to have you laid on a bed of sickness." In this, the ladies all agreed; and it of course passed *nem. con.* that the shawl was indispensible, although I do not recollect I ever enjoyed better health in my life.

We were now as much inconvenienced to return to, as we were to leave town: all our friends were provided with vehicles to convey them back; but, alas! there was no room for us; so, after regretting their inability to accommodate us, and condoling with my aunt, in the most pathetic terms, upon our misfortune, they departed, leaving us to finish our day's pleasure with the pleasure of walking home.

After we had crept (for I cannot say walked) about five miles, by which time it was tolerably dark, for the natural shades of night were considerably deepened by dense clouds that were gathering round, we were overtaken by a taxed cart, and my uncle inquired of the driver if he had room for us? who replying in the affirmative, we mounted: there was a woman very decently dressed, and a fine boy, about twelve years old, in the cart, besides the driver. In the course of a little conversation, we learned that our new companions, who had been on a similar excursion as ourselves, were, shall I say?—I must not—yet I will—yes—they were, chimney-sweepers! Heavens, what a medley! indeed, Sir, I do not wonder you stare; nay, doubt,—yet it is truth, upon my honour.

As the darkness increased, my aunt's apprehensions increased in proportion, though not without sufficient cause; for long before we reached town it began to rain, and soon after to pour; which continued, without intermission, till we reached home; and what with her corns, the fright of the post-chaise, the walk, the jolting of the cart, the surprise on discovering the history of our new acquaintance, and the fine growing rain, (as they called it,) that fell, she was completely knocked up, and, of course, much out of humour; my uncle (from his frequent application to the brandy bottle, to keep, as he said, the wet out,) was half seas over; and myself dissatisfied, vexed, and disappointed.

I have collected this journal together, in hopes of deriving some little amusement from its review: but even in this humble hope I have been disappointed. I cannot entertain other than painful and unpleasing reflections from the ridicule my aunt drew on us by our grotesque appearance, which was still heightened by her quarrelling with my uncle on the road—the wretchedness of our meal in the forest—making me sick, whether I felt so or not, and consequently muffling me up in the shawl, like Old Care; and all together has given me so hearty a dislike to undertaking country excursions, that I never wish to participate in such another day's pleasure again.

Ω TIMOTHY TRADE.

COPY OF AN INSCRIPTION,

In EAST KENT, (never published) on a FARMER'S WIFE, who seems to have united the pleasing qualities of the song bird with the more useful ones of the domestic hen.—The husband appears to be sensible of such a complicated loss.

Here lies KATTERN CUTBUSH,
Who sung like a cock-thrush.
Death ne'er in this town
Cut a better wife down;
One more constant in duty,
Less vain, though a beauty.
She died of fast breeding,
Which sets my heart bleeding,
And was scarce twenty-eight,
When I lost my dear KATE.
By her husband, Long Ben,
She left children ten;
All sweet pretty dears,
Around me in tears;
To lament and to mourn,
That she'll *never return*.

Good women, a pattern
You had in my KATTERN!

THE WHITE SERJEANT.

(Continued from p. 130.)

SCENE II.—*The Street before* M'TEAZEM'S *House.*

Capt. FITZWATER *discovered.*

HERE have I been pacing up and down before the door, like a sentry at St. James's, but not a glance can I get of her; the devil a living soul have I seen or conversed with except myself, and now it is grown so dark that I am become almost invisible. Was not that a light I saw move now?—The bye corners of my mouth are so frozen, that my words rebound against them like the sounding-board of a pulpit, and the echo is so loud, that I shall certainly alarm the whole family. That was certainly a light glanced by.

Enter MOUBRAY.

Moubray. My thoughts still turn with increased anxiety to Emily, yet 'tis endeavouring to argue against conviction to suppose her for a moment innocent: the whole tenor of her conduct now rushes on my remembrance, and confirms her guilt; why do I still hover round the detested spot? 'twas at that door she admitted my detested rival; 'twas there!—By heavens, a man!

Capt. Fitz. No: 'tis not. A light!

Moubray. That infernal Captain, as I live!—Captain Fitzwater.

Capt. Fitz. Faith it is me! but I don't wonder you had a difficulty in recollecting me, for I am so bleach'd by this cutting northerly wind, that I am more like a shrivell'd pease cod than a human creature.

Moubray. Captain, this conduct of yours requires an explanation, and I am sure, as a gentleman, you will not refuse to give me that satisfaction.

Capt. Fitz. My dear Sir, you must inform me first what kind of satisfaction you require; for you know there are two modes of giving it: the one is, to reason, which, by the by, is a damn'd unfashionable mode; the other is, to run a man through the body. Now which of these modes of pro-

cedure should you prefer?—if the latter, Oh, faith, I can give it you to your heart's content!

Moubray. I will not be trifled with; I insist upon knowing why you visit this spot at such an hour? I suspect you visit thus clandestinely a lady in that house, and I will know your business.

Capt. Fitz. Oh! the powers: what is every man's business with a woman?

Moubray. Since you refuse, Sir, here is my alternative: I demand satisfaction.

Capt. Fitz. You shall have it, my dear Sir, the best I am able to give you.—(*They draw and fight.*)

Enter SIR FLIPPANT.

Sir Flip. The M'Teazems will wonder where the devil I am got to; they will go without me, unless I make haste: —what's here? swords drawn! Faith, I'll be among you. (*Parts them.*) I beg pardon, gentlemen, but it's damn'd unfashionable to fight in the dark.

Moubray. Intruding fool!

Sir Flip. Moubray!

Moubray. Sir Flippant, I beg your pardon; I did not know you.

Sir Flip. No offence, my dear Sir; only let me give you a piece of advice; and if you and the Captain are determined to measure points, let it be by day, when you can see to make a thrust, and do not take the trouble to whip your sword through his body without having the world a witness of your dexterity. Captain, you will hear from Mr. Moubray to-morrow. Egad tho' I must go to the M'Teazems, or they will never get to the concert of ancient music: well, no matter, the mother is an ancient lady, and she can favour them with that concert, without the trouble of going from home. (*Exeunt* Sir Flippant *and* Moubray.

Capt. Fitz. Faith now, this bout has warm'd me; here was I standing shivering and shaking like a standard in the wind;—but now I'm in such a glow, I could run a man thro' the body with the greatest pleasure imaginable: by the powers! I must find some one to have it out with, or I shall not be able to sleep in peace! (*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

MOUBRAY'S *Lodgings.*

Moubray. Curse on my evil stars that urged me on! my mad'ning brain sought ease in the enticing cup, and Burgundy supplanted love!—but now 'tis all confusion,—now it whirls round as recollection dawns.

SIR FLIPPANT *speaking without.*

In his room you say; Oh, very well; I'll walk up (*enters*). What! risen so early, my dear Moubray! what could possibly make you quarrel with your pillow this morning?

Moubray. To me the hours of repose yield no comfort.

Sir Flippant. What! is not a night sufficient to erase from your mind the sins of the day?

Moubray. My cause of uneasiness, alas! follows me to my couch.

Sir Flippant. Or you follow her, I suppose you would say. Ha! ha! ha!—that's very well; a troublesome wench, no doubt.—Is she passable?—Can I take her off your hands?

Moubray. Do not trifle with me.

Sir Flippant. Oh, no; we'll have the business settled immediately; these transfers are made with as much regularity as the transfer of Bank stock, or the sale of an annuity.

Moubray. I am glad, Flippant, however, that you happened to drop in, if it's only to divert my thoughts, for I was devour'd with spleen and melancholy.

Sir Flippant. Well, how a young fellow like you can be melancholy, is to me surprising: do you not live acquainted with all the fashion and elegance in town? have you not all the requisites of a man of fashion, and constantly receive visits from the first quality?

Moubray. My creditors seldom fail to pay their respects to me every morning.

Sir Flippant. And where, pray, can you find more fashionable visitants?

Moubray. Why, truly, I am under the necessity of returning their visits in a fashionable way.

Sir Flippant. What, you never return them at all, I suppose.

Moubray. Why to avoid being petrified with a sorrowful countenance, and mournful voice, I call when I am not likely to find them at home; and so to shew that I have not forgot them, I leave my card, which I find a very useful substitute.

Sir Flippant. These are certainly disagreeable occurrences; but a man of spirit never heeds them:—but, egad, I must be going, for I have fifty things to do this morning.

Moubray. Pr'ythee stay, man: what can you possibly have to do?

Sir Flippant. What to do! Can you guess my morning's employment?—first, I take my chocolate with Kitty, read the news at Stevens's, and digest it with Sir Arthur;—then there's the old lady Fribble, I regulate her assemblies, select the card parties, and buy her snuff; I go to the auction with lady Rusty, and shew my taste in pictures and china; loll half an hour in my lord's chariot, walk down the Mall, nod to my fashionable friends, go home to dress, out to dinner, and talk scandal to the old women, and love to the young. Ha! ha! ha!

Moubray. You're a high dog, Flippant; faith you have completely cured me of the vapours.

Sir Flippant. That's what the dear creatures always tell me; but I'm off.

Moubray. What, after some frolic, as usual: how fares the buxom widow in the Poultry you was so enamoured with?

Sir Flippant. Oh, Moubray, she was a woman of business; she never lent money without good security: egad, she expected my note of hand, indorsed by the parson of the parish, as a collateral security for the loan of her heart.

Moubray. So it dissolved the connection between you.

Sir Flippant. Yes; I thought we had better dissolve it before, than after marriage:—but I had nearly forgot the purport of my visit; it is respecting the affair of last night; I suppose you mean to call that blustering captain out.

Moubray. Most certainly; but I am asham'd to think I have mispent the time since in making useless repinings, which ought to have been employ'd in seeking redress.

Sir Flippant. But what is the cause of the difference between you?

Moubray. You are acquainted with my intimacy with the M'Teazems, and of the connection I was shortly expected to have formed with that family.

Sir Flippant. Yes, my dear Sir; half the town is already acquainted with that.

Moubray. Going the other evening to visit the object of my affections, and painting to myself scenes of future happiness, with the glowing imagination of a lover, I perceived a man lurking near the house I was on the point of entering. I paus'd: in an instant the door open'd: a female voice welcoming the stranger, it clos'd:—love instantly took the alarm, and I quitted the spot, half mad with rage and jealousy. I resolved, however, to seek an interview with the false Emily, and upbraid her with her guilt. I accordingly saw her the following day. I am ashamed to own my weakness! won by the soft allurement of the sex, I thought her innocent, or fain would have thought her so: we were reconcil'd: scarce had we renew'd our mutual vows, when I discovered Captain Fitzwater, concealed in her closet. I left the house, determined never more to enter it, and passing it shortly after, I discovered the destroyer of my peace still on the spot. I drew my sword, and demanded satisfaction: you know the conclusion; and now judge if I have not just cause of resentment.

(*To be continued.*)

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

WALKING DRESS.

A Round Dress of Pink Muslin, trimmed round the Neck and down the Front with White Lace; White Muslin Pelisse, lined and trimmed over with Yellow Sarsnet; Straw Trafalgar Hat.

FULL DRESS.

A Satin Robe of clear Muslin, the Train very long; Turban Sleeves tied with Tassels, and bordered with a fashionable Green Trimming; Cap of White Crape, trimmed with a Green Wreath; Buff Gloves.

WALKING DRESS

FULL DRESS

Published Oct. 1 1806 by Vernor Hood & Sharpe Poultry

TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM
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SEP

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

MODELS OF LA FONTAINE's FABLES;

Translated, for the first time, into English Verse, by *R. Thomson.*

THE OAK AND THE REED.

THE Oak one day address'd the Reed,
Nature you may accuse, indeed;
A Wren for you's a heavy load;
The softest breeze that stirs abroad,
That ruffles but the wat'ry bed,
Compels you to hang down your head;
While I, like some proud mountain's brow,
Not only stop the Solar ray,
But brave the blasts that round me play.
Loud roaring storms to you— to me like Zephyrs blow.
Now did you spring within the sheds I throw,
Were you beneath my shelt'ring foliage found,
You would not suffer from the North unkind;
I could defend you from the tempests round:
But you are seldom but on marshy ground,
Upon the borders of the realms of wind:
Nature to you I really think unjust.

Your pity, answered him the Reed, I trust,
From goodness springs, but pray that pity spare;
The wind that trees and mountains tear
Alarm not me— unbroken still I bend:
You hitherto, tis true, unshaken stand
Against the blasts—but wait the end.

Just as he spoke,
Along the horizon the tempest broke:
Ne'er from the bowels of the North,
Till then, came such a ton of fury forth:
The Oak stood fast— (the Reed bow'd down again)
The winds attack'd him with redoubl'd roar,
And by the roots the boasting giant tore,
Whose cloud-capt head so proud did reign,
Whose feet sank down to death's domain.

Vol. I. Book I. Fab. XIV.

THE LION BECOME OLD.

THE Lion, terror of the forests! lay,
Laden with years, and lingering away,
Weeping the mem'ry of his youthful strength,
By his own subjects was attack'd at length;
A cowardly throng!
Bold as he droop'd, and in his weakness strong.

The Horse approach'd, to kick him as he died,
The Wolf to bite, the Ox to gore his side.
The wretched Lion languish'd sore,
His age but feebly suffer'd him to roar:
His fate he waited without murm'ring, when
He saw an Ass come prancing to his den;
Avast! he cried, at death I don't repine,
But 'twould be double death from hoofs like thine!

Vol. I. Book. III. Fab. XIV.

THE RAT RETIRED FROM THE WORLD.

LEVANTERS in their legends say,
A certain Rat, grown weary of this life,
Within a large Dutch cheese, afar from strife,
Retir'd to fast and pray.
He made the solitude profound,
Daily extending it around.
There our new hermit spent the lonely day.
With teeth and claws he work'd so well,
He soon dug out a spacious cell;
Had house and food— what could he more require?
He soon got fat and round— for heaven is kind
To those who vow obedience to his mind.

One day, to our devoted Sire,
A deputation came of needy Rats,
Asking some little alms for their poor band,
As they were trav'lling to a foreign land,
To seek for succour 'gainst a race of cats.
We're forc'd to travel without food, they said,
Our Commonwealth attack'd is very poor,
Ratopolis is in a close blockade,
Yet very soon we shall have powerful aid:
We therefore ask but little at your door.

My friends, the hermit cried, shaking his head,
Things here below disturb my thoughts no more;

What can a poor recluse be thought to do,
But pray to heaven to help you through?
I hope he'll have some care of you!
Tihs having said, our new-made Saint
Shut fast his door, as off they went.

Reader, whom do I mean or what,
By this unfeeling, greedy rat?
A Monk? O no; the tale a Dervise shows,
For Monks are charitable—— I suppose.

Vol. III. Book. VII. Fab. III.

(To be continued.)

LINES,

ON READING THE BACHELOR'S CHOICE OF A WIFE.

WHEN reading the Bachelor's choice of a *Wife,*
Which by some is esteem'd an incumbrance of life;
It came into my head to intreat my best Muse
To lend me assistance a *Husband* to choose.
If fate should determine me ever to wed,
By merit I chiefly would choose to be led:
Whate'er be his failings, I hope, if I can,
To be coupled for life with a sensible man;
With discernment enough not to think me a fool,
And with spirit sufficient to teach him to rule;
With a turn for religion, yet no *Devotee;*
Not too fond of *himself,* nor forgetful of me:
From whose conversation I hope to improve,
And instruction to meet in return for my love.
I fix not on *person,* on *air,* or on *mien;*
But would have in the whole the agreeable seen—
Who with affable aspect, benevolent mind,
And a sprightly good humour, would always be kind.
If a man such as this can be easily got,
And, what's more unlikely, should fall to my lot,—
If he ask'd me the question, I'd cheerfully say,
That I'd study for ever to *love* and *obey.*

S. W——T.

THE VALE OF SONG.

(Continued from page 140.)

THE radiant glow of day was fled,
And purple streak'd the trembling red,
Still parting beams play'd o'er the hills;
Where stray'd, mid woods, the trickling rills:
The shining waters catch a ray,
Bright in the rear of parting day.
Impearl'd the plains, the leaves, the flowers,
With sprinklings light of Summer showers.
Laura, amid the flowery lawns,
As softly bright as Vesper shone;
Her aged father by her side,
At once his comfort and his pride.
Young Henry sought the graceful maid,
Thus warbling, as around he stray'd:

The daisied field, the breezy plain,
The rivulet rambling down the lane,
The rank-grown hedge, of thousand dies,
True feast for all botanic eyes;
The gate, and stile, for leap or rest,
As sportive spirits fancy best;
The heath, where 'neath the prickly furze,
The songsters nestle, insects buz,
The steep and broken pebbly road,
Adown the hill, beside the wood,
Please all the way to that sweet Vale,
Where lives lov'd Laura in the Dale.

The sun on golden king-cups glowing,
O'er the rich mead his radiance throwing,
Less than sweet thoughts of her can warm,
Which give to nature double charm,
Which make the wood, the hill, the plain,
The copse, the rivulet, and deep lane,
The gate, the stile, with beauties vie,
No other landscape can supply;
The blissful glow the mind possesses,
In happy tints all nature dresses.
Gay hope of raptures soon to rise,
In soul, in heart, in ear, and eyes,
Please all the way to that sweet Vale,
Where lives lov'd Laura in the Dale.

But when within the thick shrubb'd ground,
Through flute I breathe th' impassion'd sound;
Sweet birds, in varying whistles clear,
Respond, "the breath of love is here."
Beneath the oaks where slants the hill,
Blown roses clustering o'er the rill:
Young verdure springing near the feet,
T'wards western skies is plac'd a seat:
The floating notes I here prolong,
Hither to lure the maid of Song.

The sun sets bright, midst purple streaks;
The cottager his hamlet seeks.
The evening cool will soon be here,
For Laura hails its rising star.
The milk-white daisy's closing eyes,
The parting songsters last replies,
Eve calls for Laura's magic song,
All sweet sensations to prolong.
Laura appears, with angel charm,
Link'd in her happy father's arm;
Be mute, my soul! while drinks the Vale,
The song of Laura in the Dale.

With joy fair Laura heard the youth;
She lov'd his strains, and more his truth;
Yet, flush'd with love's celestial dies,
From him she turn'd her radiant eyes,
And listens to the robin's song,
Which still resounds the groves among.
Julia, with Laura's bounty grac'd,
Her friend with tenderest warmth embrac'd,
At Laura's wish she tun'd her tongue,
Graceful, but plaintive was her song.

SONG.

Yon full-blown roses, wet with summer showers,
Clustering beneath luxuriant foliage bloom;
The crystal drops surcharge the glowing flowers,
Their falling leaves the high-grown grass perfume:
The spangled herb waves to the evening breeze,
While the soft robin pours his melodies.

Wild fragrant blossoms, lovely in decay,
The lucid pearls adorn you, which destroy:
Your fragments glow as the departing ray
Of heavenly light, the glistering plain enjoy;
Delusive hopes thus glowing charms impart,
And gild the tears which speak the breaking heart.

Now night o'erveils the gay wrought sky,
The glorious tints of nature fly;
Sullen and blank their charms decay,
Weeping mid dews till morn's bright ray;
The damps of night infect the breeze,
And settle on the shining leaves;
Stars with their celestial light,
Dispel the gloom of shady night:
Then Laura homeward led her Sire,
Thus singing at his fond desire.

SONG.

SERENELY grand shines forth the night,
With countless stars divinely bright:
Though scattered cross the vault of heaven,
Still fleeting clouds by winds are driven;
While calm below the breezes keep,
And seem amid the dews to sleep.

I strike my harp, I hail the night,
Or ramble by the starry light;
My random notes of music pierce
The woody dells with artless verse;
And while my rapturous voice I raise,
My Maker's works inspire the lays.

(To be continued.)

TO FORMOSA, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

DESCEND, ye Nine! my youthful pen inspire,
Impart one beam of your celestial fire;
My feeble genius seeks an heartfelt lay,
To hail Formosa on her natal day:
Oh! may bright Sol, with orient lustre crown'd,
Auspicious, shed his genial influence round;
May all the Graces on that day attend,
And, mix'd with Nymphs, their festive moments spend
In social mirth, and each with presents meet,
Submissive bow at fair Formosa's feet:
May she with joy the varying seasons view,
And years succeed to years; nor those a few:
May every change unnumber'd blessings bring,
And her whole life be one eternal Spring!—

How blest the youth! beyond all others blest!
Who (love triumphant reigning in his breast,)
Should full acceptance in her presence find,
And mutual vows their mutual feelings bind:—
Oh! but one glance of her expressive eye
Dissolves the soul, and claims the ready sigh!
Bids every transport of the beating heart
With glowing raptures instantaneous start!
But when Fate calls, whose mandate we obey,
To leave these scenes, and fly to realms of day,
May guardian angels on her exit wait,
And safe conduct her to the Elysian gate!

Now grant, ye sacred *Nine!* my artless theme
May not unworthy of her favour seem:
Oft at your shrine I'll grateful homage pay,
If she approve to whom I pour the lay.

R. H——Y.

STANZAS,

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE BIRD.

BY W. HOLLOWAY,

Author of the Peasant's Fate, and Scenes of Youth.

THOUGH ne'er on the bough of the hedge-row or grove,
Thou didst build the soft nest, or attune the sweet lay,
Enjoy the fresh shade of the woodbine alcove,
Or rouse the dull swains, at the peep of young day,

Yet still hast thou 'scap'd all the snares of mankind,
The snares which on Innocence ever attend;
For liberty lost thou hast never repin'd,
Hast never known *want*, or e'er needed a *friend*.

But ah! cruel Fate, with aim sudden and sure,
Has mark'd thee her victim, and laid thee to rest!
For Lesbra's fam'd bird not a tear flow'd more pure,
Nor lighter the green sod repos'd on his breast.

Farewell, little Warbler! To those who deplore,
Would the Muse this suggestion prefer, and repeat—
For the *moral* shall hold when the *sorrow's* no more—
"*May your lives be as calm, and your exits as sweet!*"

CHARADE.

FLEETING movement ; tardy measure ;
How uncertain is thy pace ;
Flying in the hours of Pleasure,
Bounded by no earthly space.

Dragging on with leaden motion,
When with Sorrow's weight opprest,
Or when sailing o'er the Ocean,
Calms annoy each anxious breast.

Such my first is, but my second
I cannot so easy tell,
'Tis a fine Performance reckon'd,
Or a Patch, that's put on well.

Now my whole makes its appearance,
Warning us of Life's decay,
Yet, in spite of interference,
Days and hours will fleet away.

ANSWER TO THE CHARADE

IN THE LAST NUMBER.

FROM the creation Man was doom'd to *woe*,
For Adam's crime man's tears shall always flow ;
But Heav'n, in pity to his hapless state,
Sent him and Woman, call'd a lovely mate :
She shares your first, and dries your second tears ;
How all-attractive *Woman* thus appears !

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No. 4 of Village Tattle is received. Other pieces of Cleonicus are received, and will appear in due order.

I. N's request shall be attended to.

Several copies of Verses are under consideration, but could not be inserted at least this month.

We are obliged to Honoria for her useful hint.

We beg leave to inform a respectable Correspondent that a certain "substitute," could not, in our judgment, have had a pleasing effect on our readers ; we therefore hope she will not be offended at our not adopting it.

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Princess Mary